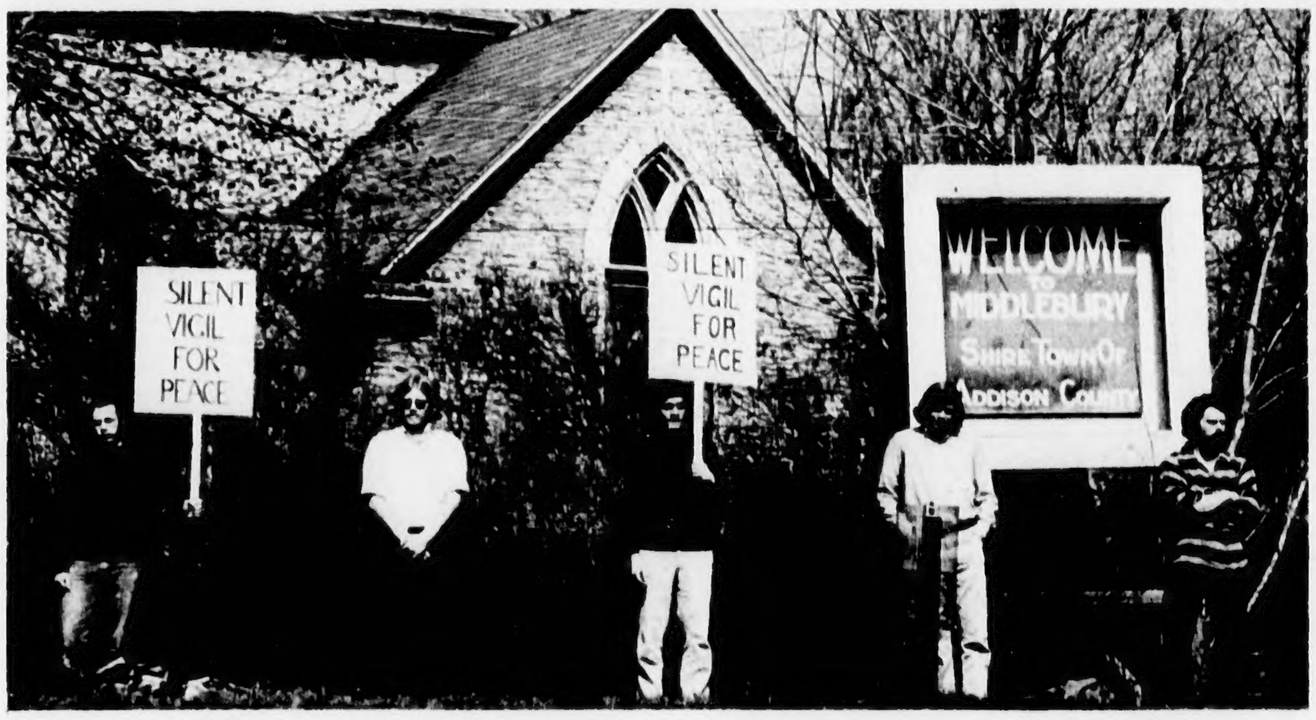
Silent Plea for Peace



Last Wednesday the Middlebury Friends meeting together with REAP sponsored a silent vigil for peace at the town green. Students and faculty of the college were joined by townspeople, particularly high school students, to stand in a line along the edge of the green while some passed out fliers explaining the nature of the vigil, a demonstration for the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam.

According to Susan Jones '72, one of the organizers of the demonstration, not only was the vigil designed as a restatement of the need for peace to local people, but it also served as an alternative means of expression for those who, for one reason or another, did not go to Washington to demonstrate.

At noon eight people had arrived to take part, and by the end of the vigil at four o'clock approximately 60 persons were in attendance. The original eight remained standing for the entire four hours. Taking into account the turnover of people who arrived late or left early, more than 100 people participated in the course of the afternoon. The turnout was much greater than the organizers of the event had expected.

The vigil was held because organizers felt that it was an affirmative, undeniable, and dignified way of getting their message across. Although some passersby were disquieted by the silence and a few were angered by the message, the reactions were either curiosity or indifference. Nevertheless, demonstrators felt that a large number of people were receptive to them.

Town Manager David Crawford, who gave permission for the use of the green and helped make the necessary arrangements for the meeting beforehand, later said he was impressed with the orderliness of the demonstration.

Under pressure to economize, the administration has decided to cancel the "Weekly News Calendar" starting next fall. The Calendar will probably be replaced by a weekly schedule of events, which will probably be published by a student hired by the College.

Brimmer to Speak at Graduation

Middlebury College has invited Dr. Andrew Brimmer of the Federal Reserve System to speak at commencement exercises on Sunday, May 20, at 2:30 p.m.

Originally from Louisiana, Dr. Brimmer moved to Washington where he graduated from the University of Washington, and received his Master's in economics in 1951. He was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship, and studied at the Universities of Delhi and Bombay before returning to the United States. In 1957, he earned his Ph.D. from Harvard University. At the same time he was a member of a mission to advise the Sudan Government on the establishment of a central bank.

Doctor Brimmer was an assistant professor of economics at Michigan State University until 1961, when he moved to the university of Pennsylvania. In 1963 he was appointed Deputy Assistant Secretary for Economic Policy Review in the United States Department of Commerce. He held a variety of posts within the Department until 1966 when he was appointed as one of the seven governors of the Federal Reserve System board of directors. His duties as a member of the board are chiefly concerned with the reduction of America's deficit in the balance of payments.

The National Business League named Dr. Brimmer "Government Man of the Year" in 1963, and received the Arthur S. Flemming Award in 1966 as one of the ten outstanding young men in government.

Dr. Brimmer is also an Overseer of Harvard College, a Trustee of Tuskagee Institute, the Salk Institute for Biological Studies, and the Negro Student Fund.

Power Plant Proposals: Vermont Faces the Future

by Ana Cara

Yes, Vermont must face the future, But Vermont Electric Power Co. (VELCO) officials and Addison County residents are facing in different directions.

VELCO representatives met overwhelming opposition to their proposed power plants sites last Thursday at a day-long hearing ranging from 10 a.m. until nearly 5 p.m. held at the Middlebury Inn. More than 300 local residents who did not want their rich, rolling farmland transformed into huge, smokestacks and power generating plants, attended the meeting.

The gradual reduction of the original number of possible sites from 69 to 25 and then to 9, ended by pinpointing four final locations for the projected new power plants, all in Addison County. The sites are Rock Landing and the so-called Vergennes site, both in Ferrisburg; West Salisbury, and Hough Crossing, located in Orwell.

Both individuals and organizations from the county declared their opposition to the proposed power plant locations, but the strongest blow came from the Addison County Regional Planning and Development Commission, in a formal report from Mrs. Claire Cunningham, secretary.

The outcry from the people rested not only on their objection to the environmental impact the plant will have, ranging from thermal pollution of Otter Creek, to noise, and to the undesireable visual impact of the 15-story-high plant and stack, but the complaints were also grunded on the claim that VELCO officials have made decisions in private that will affect the lives of thousands of Addison County people.

Only a few at the hearing noted the fact that it is rare in itself for a power company to hold public siting hearings. VELCO officials, headed by President L. Douglas Meredith, also chairman of the College Board of Trustees and President of the Middlebury College Corporation, claimed some credit for at least coming before the public with its plans. Furthermore, Meredith noted that the press and other media have been notified of each step ta-

Continued on page 5

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

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Peace City Rhetoric Making it American

by Bill Reedy

A certain "you can take the people out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the people" attitude has been self-attached to those who consider themselves part of the urban struggle for sanity, health, and social progress. What we saw in Washington during the last two weeks was an attempt to combine the benefits of open land for the cultural aspects of the demonstrations with the geographical location for the political side. The name of the site was "Algonquin Peace City." It was situated on a peninsula surrounded by the Potomac River and the Tidal Basin, overlooking the monument section of the Nation's Capital, replete with tourists. It's real name is West Potomac Park but it was usually referred to as "the land."

"The land" was not the pinnacle of scenic beauty, it was simply large and flat, a very practical place to set up camp for 30,000 people (Interior Department Estimate). When I first arrived, there were fewer than 50 tents and 300 people. At that time, the major concern was what would happen in the event of an overflow, since the permit only allotted this specific area. As the "city" grew, the concerns became more numerous, more disturbing, and more serious. And as I watched the "city" grow, I became aware that I was watching the formulation of any city, taking on the same problems, and handling them in the same sloppy bureaucratic manner. The rhetoric began to wear a little thin as I could not equate rip-offs with the sharing of property, the sale of strychnine as acid with dope as the staple of the revolution, and attempted rape with the total equality of the sexes. What had begun to take shape was a city, no different from Washington itself, the city the protestors had come to shut down.

One of the first duties the "city" took upon itself was that of government. The city government was comprised of regional representatives who turned out to be no more representative of their constituencies than are our own congressmen, and this was incessantly questioned by the residents. Although this body felt the power was in its hands, as does Congress, the real decisions were made by the May Day Tribe from an office on Vermont Avenue. The regional representatives' acquiescence to these decisions came from an argument we frequently hear about our President, "he knows more than we do, he has all the sources of information." This was true to the extent that whenever the Parks, Police, or Justice Department wanted something done about "the land," they went straight to Vermont Avenue. But some decisions were made from that office that should have come from those people who were actually living on "the land."

The governmental process was very much similar to that of any institution. The meetings would always begin with an argument over whether or not there should be a chairman or a rotating chair, and usually a power struggle would ensue. And each meeting would usually end with someone saying, "This is a democracy isn't it? Let's take a vote."

As in any other city, there was a media system that finally came under government control. There were really four means of media, 1) word of mouth, 2) May Day Video, 3) Town Meetings, and 4) various newspapers. Word of mouth was the most dangerous because "the land" was a very volatile place. Numerous undercover agents wandered around the crowd spreading either inflammatory rumors or statements that would panic the naive. Finally a rumor control office was set up at the information tent and at the sound truck. Most rumors were handled by knowledgeable people who made the daily an-

Continued on page 2

Making it American. .

Continued from page 1

nouncements from the sound truck, but usually they were lost in a maze of missing person reports and announcements on which drugs were harmful and which weren't. Nevertheless, word of mouth remained the most prevalent form of media as is customary anywhere outside of West Potomac Park.

The May Day Video team was very proficient, yet they were parochial in their viewing audience. Their films of the previous days' events and important television broadcasts could only be shown on one television screen in the back of a VW bus, That bus was hindered in its mobility by the traffic jams created by the overcrowding and the indiscriminate placement of tents on the two main thoroughfares, the Ho Chi Minh Trail and Rainbow Trail, which were set up to section "the land" into quarters.

The Town Meetings were valuable, except that they created major problems in keeping the people together. At first, with very few people there, the microphone was made open, but after several dangerous rumors, sexist statements, and personal conflicts were aired, it became apparent that the mike could no longer remain open and therefore the meetings themselves had to be controlled by a central committee. After the numbers grew, the meetings became impossible.

"The land" press was also a microcosm of the problems that are faced in the outside world. There were two main newspapers and several incidental publications. The real newspaper was called the "May Day Street Paper" and was very well done, very accurate, and very informative. It was put out by experts and its editorial policy probably reflected the views of most of the residents. The other paper was called "Desolation Row Times" and was the cause of great discord, especially with the women and the gay people. It was an avowed sexist paper and was one of the contributing factors in the gay people leaving "the land" and many women leaving as well. Other papers were put out mostly by agents and usually consisted of either the advocacy of violence or attempts to panic the residents.

If we examine the problems facing the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and its offshoot, The Department of Housing and Urban Development, we can see the same problems facing Algonquin Peace City. In order of appearance, health was a major problem in that it was very cold at night causing many illnesses, and very hot in the day, causing many cases of heat stroke and exhaustion and even a few heart attacks. A medical tent was set up to handle the large load of cases but it had to be moved into a smaller tent because the larger tent was needed for overdoses and bad drug cases It was estimated that 90 percent of the chemicals distributed at "the land" were strychnine and the effects were clearly visible. The doctors and medics were understaffed and overworked as is the case in any hospital.

An educational program was instituted but with very little success. It was called "communiversity" and was set up to raise the political awareness of those who had come only for the cultural, festive part of the demonstration Good teachers were hard to find, people grew restless with words, and the sessions were always interrupted with calls for music and even led to physical fights. This idea was cancelled for obvious reasons.

Welfare was a grave problem for most because they came with nothing, hoping to share everything, as the pamphlets say, yet too many people came with the same nothing and the same intention. The Raintree Tribe did an excellent job in preparing large quantities of food that actually tasted good and were fairly nutritional, yet it was not enough. Those who needed blankets or clothing had either to steal them or depend on the kindness of others.

Housing created probably the greatest problem because first, there wasn't enough, and secondly, orderly housing was really crucial to the success of the May Day activities as well as to the facilitation of regional security. It was very cold and sometimes wet, yet most people slept outside, on the ground, some without even sleeping bags. Once again, there was really nothing that could have been done except for people to depend on the kindness of others. The intent of the May Day Tribe was for those from distinct regions to act as a unit during the days of civil disobedience, and regional unity in planning and knowing each other was essential. Yet this was complicated by those who claimed it was the "people's" land and that borders were the cause of the world's ills. Maybe, but these were also the people who had either lost sight of the political goals or who had never even given those goals any thought. Nevertheless, the plans were disrupted and this particular conflict further exacerbated the growing discord. As far as the available housing went, class distinctions were very discernable. For instance, Middlebury lived in the upper class district, their tent was well-built, roomy, well-stocked, and well-organized. Others were not so fortunate, or so well-prepared. There were makeshift tents and smaller tents that constituted a middleclass area, and finally there were no tents at all which represented the slums. There were integrated and segregated neighborhoods, slumlords, and even hotels. The analogies are endless.

"The land" had its own police force with its own bureaucracy even though it was desperately needed as rip-offs were the rule rather than the exception. There was a main security force made up mostly of vets, and a regional security force created by the individual regions. "The land" even had its own foreign policy, being at war with the United States and allying itself with the Vietnamese people and other Third World nations.

The analogies become almost meaningless as they are rattled off, yet they are not; they are very telling and very distressing. The people do not look the same, nor is their language the same, yet those 30,000 people have shown the world that although they preach an "Algonquin Peace City," all they have really managed to do is to create a very poor facsimile of an already decadent portion of American life, the city. Jerry Rubin pointed out something very real about the counter culture when he talked about being sentenced to death and being given the choice of a last meal. It would be hamburgers, french fries, and a coke. Those 30,000 people, no matter how high the rhetoric cannot forsake the very persistent American heritage. I have heard references to "Algonquin Peace City" as being a "political Woodstock," "a festive Resurrection City." In my own mind, I can only characterize "the land" as New York City. If you don't watch out very carefully for America, it will make you an American.

Pie and Frisbee Festival for Y.O.U. Summer Funds

In an effort to raise funds to sponsor their summer program, Camp Y.O.U. (Youth Opportunity Unlimited) will hold an all-day festival on Proctor Terrace, Friday May 14. The festival will run from 9 am to 4 pm with WRMC on hand providing rhythm for Terrace two-stepping. The Y.O.U. committee hopes that the festival will raise several thousand dollars from the College community, money badly needed for the summer camp-school operated in Middlebury for inner-city youngsters from New Haven, Connecticut.

The festival agenda will include a number of activities, including a Frisbee contest, with contestants paying a small participation fee, and a pie-throwing spree, where for a small price people can purchase a cream pie to throw at an all-star cast which may include such well-knowns as President Armstrong, Deans Turner and O'Brien, George Motolonez and many more. (Anyone—faculty, staff, or student—wishing to volunteer his or her face for the target range should see Arnold McKinney.) There will also be an auction from 12 to 3, and a M.O.D.E.S.T. photography sale.

One recent source of funds for Y.O.U. has been a B.S.M.U. contribution of $400. Jarbe Durant, who was in charge of the campaign for financial support, said he believes that B.S.M.U. feels a stronger responsibility to aid Y.O.U. than some other organizations because many of the black students on campus are themselves from backgrounds similar to those of the New Haven children served ny Camp .Y.O.U. In helping to reach the kids in the disadvantaged areas of New Haven, "we are in a sense aiding ourselves." Durant said.

However, much more money is needed even for the meager budget Camp Y.O.U. operates on. The success or failure of this summer's program rests strongly on the outcome of Friday's festival.

vermont news shorts

According to the National Weather Service River Forecast Center, the water level of Lake Champlain is 101.25 feet above sea level, which is nine inches above flood stage. The level is expected to increase another three inches and remain constant for several days before the level begins to ebb. Owners of lakeshore property have been warned against flooding until the end of the month. This will probably mean that boatyards will face delays in launching boats stored over the winter and the lake's ferries will not be able to operate.

Robert Aiken, Vermont's Health Commissioner will recommend to the Health Board that they ban the sale of swordfish in the state. His recommendation will follow the Food and Drug Administration's finding that 95 percent of the fish tested contain dangerously high amounts of mercury.

Last Friday the State Health Department reported that cases of the measles had reached epidemic proportions in Rutland. Local doctors did not agree that the outbreak could be called an epidemic, but urged all parents to have children vaccinated against the disease.

As of May 1, 531 Vermonters had run out of the 39 weeks of unemployments benefits that the law allows them, and will probably turn to welfare. This means that taxpayers rather than employers support the unemployed and their families. Last week Governor Deane Davis vetoed a bill which would have allowed a full 52 weeks of unemployment benefits.

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President Armstrong Meets REAP

by Peter Adam

President Armstrong confronted REAP Monday evening in Proctor Lounge with his ideas about the Mayday action Work within the system rhetoric collided with street action justifications as President Armstrong emphasized the petitioning of membrs of Congress, and REAP members stressed the futility of such action in facilitating an end to the war .

President Armstrong felt his way through the dialogue slowly and cautiously with soft spoken manner, forcefully stating his own case yet always ready to attempt to conciliate his stand with that of REAP's members REAP regulars, Steve Early, Bill Reedy, Jack Kartez, and Howard Burchman pressed him to state his positions clearly on the People's Peace Treaty:, which he partially agreed with, but would not sign; the status of the ROTC program at Middlebury, which he stated would continue, although he hoped that minor changes would be made He explained that the College was refusing $500 bonus from the Army for each officer Middlebury graduated Concerning Campaign G.M., he said he would not give his approval to it, although he favored parts of the program On Middlebury College's taking an institutional stand against the war, he claimed such an action might endanger the tax-exempt status of the school

Although President Armstrong did not go along with the Mayday tactics, he saw the actions fof civil disobedience as a matter of personal conscience and not subject to comment from him He did, however, state his displeasure at the demonstration which greeted Governor Deane Davis during his lecture and discussion session here last Saturday REAP members, almost all of whom had been to Washington and over half of whom had been in jail, articulated their displeasure with Davis' stand on the war as well as his failure to answer their questions Davis was criticized highly for his incorrect statement that the Nixon admisistration had cut the military budget in half

The meeting ended with Armstrong's assurance that he would discuss College help for students setting up community affairs this summer He read a letter which will be sent to the Vermont Congressional Delegation

Although none of the REAP members could convince President Armstrong to participate in the next Washington demonstration, he did comment that REAP had done a "first rate" job and actually referred to last May's strike as a strike, not an "extraordinary session"

Davis and Environmental Conference Placards and the Saving Balance

by Alan Levy

A small audience of 100, along with a group of anti-war protestors holding up May Day posters and clenched fists, heard the opening address of the 1971 Environmental Conference, delivered by Governor Deane C. Davis last Friday

Frank Pallone, President of Environmental Quality, introduced President Armstrong, who presented Davis as an example of "leadership and concern for the quality of the Vermont environment."

Davis, delivering an address on "Development of Vermont in the 1970's," in an exercise of political acumen, invited the protestors, numbering approximately twenty, to move forward so he could read the "beautiful placards" they were holding up. The Governor was presented with a copy of the People's Peace Treaty, copies of which were placed on the pews of Mead Chapel, and a May Day poster. Davis told the group he was familiar with the Peace Treaty and would be "glad" to talk about it during the discussion period after the formal speech Although he invited the group to sit during his address, the group returned to the back, remaining silent throughout the speech.

Davis said that the kind of democracy existing in Vermont and in the nation is in need of repair insofar as the network of communication between the government and the people is concerned Claiming he was tired of communicating through the news media, Davis explained his desire to utilize direct communication channels with his constitutents more often.

On the main theme of the address, Davis said that environmental management would be an overriding concern of the State of Vermont for many years to come, as a result of the increased tempo and influx of population into Vermont providing additional strain on the state's ecology. He asserted that if the current population trends are maintained, there will be 497,000 people in the state, in 1980, as opposed to 444,000 currently. The state, according to Davis, must adopt a conscious policy of being selective about which people to urge to come into the state, and indeed if to urge people to come into the state at all

The important factor in Davis' remarks, as he insisted, was "balance." Balance would insure that experts will not ruin the economy to save the ecology and vice versa There will be a need for 40,000 new jobs in the next decade, and Davis hopes that they can be filled in the non-polluting industries. The great number of new jobs is reflected in the fact that there has been a leveling off of the number of Vermont youths leaving the state

Davis said that three national publications have cited Vermont as maintaining the most comprehensive environmental program in the nation. The governor's particular recommendations were to encourage local zoning, keep as many people as possible off the flood plains, and to try to distribute new population influxes into the towns that have lost population during the past two decades.

During the discussion period, the anti-war group attempted to direct the Governor's environmental concern on a more national and international level. Bill Reedy, at whose home the May Day contingent stayed while in Washington, asked the Governor if his con-

Continued on page 5

town news

A request was made by Ronald Mainelli, owner of Mr. Ups, for a change in the zone ordinance to permit him to have stores in the former Gorham apartments at the intersection of Main Street and the Municipal Parking Lot entrance.

Middlebury's Planning Commission, however, voted to deny the request on Monday, May 3. Mr. Mainelli can appeal the request to a hearing.

The Addison County Field Days have been scheduled for early August this year. The site is New Haven. There will be exhibits by various youth organizations, livestock exhibits, riding horses and equipment exhibits, and youth rallies.

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on other campuses

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Dartmouth College sided with the Gulf Oil Company management in voting against a proposed study of the company's involvement in Angola. Dartmouth currently owns 45,000 shares of Gulf Stock.

The Angola Project also proposed that Gulf disclose information on all its charitable gifts; that the Board of Directors be expanded to include representatives from non-shareholder groups "affected by the activities of the corporation;" and that Gulf refrain from investing in colonial areas.

University of Bridgeport student films won nine of eleven awards in the Second Annual Connecticut Film Festival held two weeks ago.

U.S. Senator Abraham Ribicoff (Dem., Conn.) will be the commencement speaker this year at the University of Vermont.

The Newport Jazz Festival, to be helf July 2-5 in Newport, Rhode Island, will feature Dionne Warwick, Aretha Franklin, Duke Ellington, and a host of other big names.

Students at Kent State memorialized the four victims of last May's shooting. Georgia Legislator Julian Bond and Yale president Kingman Brewster spoke during the weekend activities.

Astrology..The Signs Revisited

by Ron Duquette

Although I had intended to write about the Sun-Sign Aries in this issue of "The Campus" I found out that this is the last issue for this academic year. So I decided that I would rather see the Sun-Signs printed as closely together as possible, and fill in this one column space with other pertinent material

There are several groupings of the signs of the Zodiac. One is by element (fire, water, air, earth); and the other is by whether they are cardinal, mutable or fixed. I'll deal with each group separately.

The fire signs—Aries(Mar. 21 to Apr. 20), Leo (Jul. 23 to Aug. 23), Sagittarius (Nov. 23 to Dec 21)—are the signs given the rule of the Animal Kingdom, in ancient astrology, and of the physical side of man in physical astrology—the senses, the muscles, bones, etc. Each of these is represented by some symbol of fire. Aries is red flame, the fire of creation—and also of destructon. Leo is yellow fire, the fire of warmth—but also fo the desert, and therefore of barrenness. Sagittarius is a blue fire representing the flame of the center, the moxt intensity—and the most easy to misdirect.

The earth signs—Taurus (Apr. 21 to May 21), Virgo (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23) and Capricorn (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20)—are the signs given the rule of the Mineral Kingdom, and of the emotional side of man in physical astrology. Taurus is fixed earth—immovable,. He'll stick to his opinions— but he can be stubborn. Virgo is mutable earth, which is to say, flexible, detail-prone; but they can be picky, picky, picky. Capricorn is cardinal earth—very sensitive and secretive—but sometimes too much so.

Air signs—Gemini (May 22 to June 21), Libra (Sept. 24 to Oct. 23), and Aquarius (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19)—control the intellectual faculties of man, and the nerves and brains of the physical man. Gemini, mutable air, is super-flexibitity and friendliness—but also, the indecision and flightiness of a breeze. Libra, while it is the air sign of action, is the one that won't do anything to upset the peace. Aquarius is fixed and there are elements of humanitarian impulses—and also of moodiness and an inability to love one person. They rule the Human Kingdom, the Air signs.

Cancer (June 22 to July 22) Scorpio (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22) are all water signs, governing the Plant Kingdom, the spiritual side of man, and the "soul" of man—his spirit, and if you wish, the intangibles. Cancer is a home-body—and can be too materialistic for its own good, and also too much of a stick-in-the-mud. Scorpio is the most powerful sign potentially of the Zodiac (in my opinion) but can destroy out of pure malice. Pisces is the most spiritually aware—but can live in a world of dreams.

Cardinal signs (Aries, Cancer, Libra, Capricorn) express an active, forward line-type motion. They tend to be quite physically active, and liberal, in politics, religion, etc—and they can be quite impulsive and outspoken, to the point of thoughtlessness. They will lead, or follow grudgingly.

Fixed signs (Taurus, Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius) express a greatly physical side, a very conservative and powerfully critical side -- sort of the dot: a fixed point in space. These are less likely to dash off at the mouth or to anything -- but they have great reserves of energy -- which are almost limitless. These are the hedonists of the Zodiac. They will follow, in a way; and make one wonder whether they are really following or not.

Mutable signs --Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, Pisces -- are generally reasonable, somewhat intellectual, somewhat intuitive, somewhat aggressive, somewhat gentle -- not clearly one thing or another. They are difficult to judge; and for this they are called upon to arbitrate. Probably the friendliest signs of the Zodiac, yet Virgo is nontheless a loner, and Sagittarius is very blunt, and can turn people off. However, they tend to depolarize the opposites of fixed and cardinal. In a sense, the mutable signs are like a ball running downhill with obstacles in the way -- but still getting eventually to the bottom, albeit not as quickly as the cardinal signs, but not as brusquely either.

This ends the third of a hopefully long series of articles on astrology. Next September, when I return, I'll begin with Aries -- REALLY. Until then, good luck in the exams, and have a good summer.

Environmental Conference...

Continued from page 3

cern for "balance" extended to what Reedy called the "incredible" destruction in Vietnam by chemical and biological warfare. Reedy also took issue with the Governor's stand on the prisoner of war issue.

Davis, in response to the POW criticism, said that his position was only that the North Vietnamese should be willing to treat prisoners of war in a humane fashion. As far as the war was concerned, the Governor maintained that as a public official he had no control over the war and could only offer personal opinions on it and then remarked that while he was willing to answer some questions on the war, he felt most should be directed to the topic of Vermont's environment When asked how, as governor, Davis was using his power as representative of Vermont to bring a speedy withdrawal of U.S. troops, Davis answered that he was fully briefed on the major considerations, and expressed his belief that the Nixon administration is doing everything in its power to withdraw troops as fast as possible.

Along other lines, the Governor said that he believed in Planned Parenthood; said that he would favor the free dissemination of contraceptives and birth control information on the VUniversity of Vermont campus; and discussed the possibility of receiving power from sources outside the state.

The other major line of controversy during the discussion period, aside from the war question, was that of low-income housing. questioned on the chronic shortage of low-income housing, Governor Davis claimed there was no shortage of capital housing. but that the problem lies with the fact that a house costs more to build than peoples' budgets can sustain. Davis expressed opposition to subsidized housing, but mentioned the possibility of a tax-write off on the first $5,000 worth of property or land owned, if it is somebody's house.

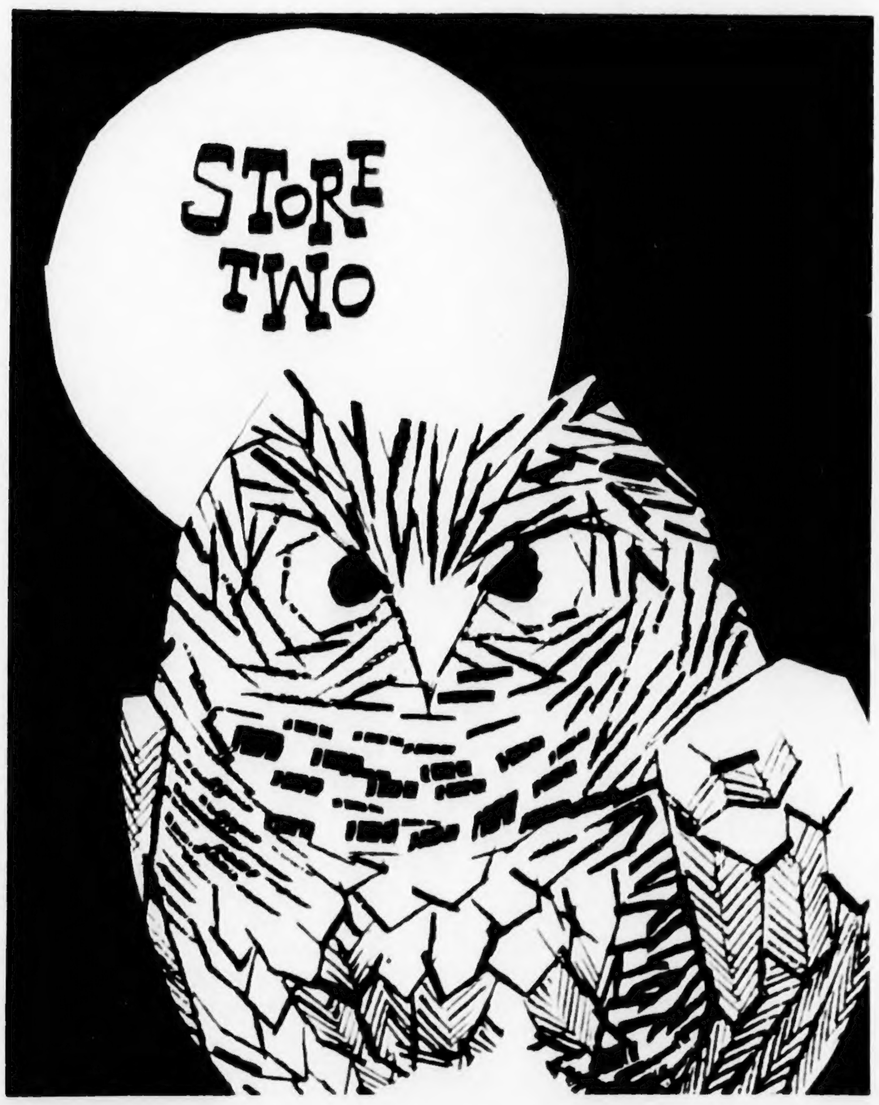
Power Plant Proposals

Continued from page 1

ken and that they are trying to prevent a communications gap. He proceeded to read a list of all the persons and organizations to whom progress reports were made as soon as they were completed. Copies of reports have also been made available to the public at libraries in Middlebury, Vergennes and Orwell, as well as other public offices.

But the people at the meeting Thursday were suspicious of the VELCO men. and angry over the danger they saw to their homeland and farms. Robert Fuller, a professor of wildlife management at UVM, issued a special appeal to VELCO to make every effort to reduce the development of power sites within Vermont to an absolute minimum through importation of power to the greatest extent possible. He said "I cannot subscribe to the philosophy that all power needs of the state must be met internally simply because it results in cheaper power or obviates blackouts."

The Student members of the College Council have been working during the last two weeks on the budget requests of the various different student groups on campus. So far, roughly $36,700.00 has been allocated. With a student body of roughly 1760 students next year, the overall funds from the Student Organizations and Speakers Fee (at $24.00 per person) will come to $42,240,00. This means, of course, that there will be funds left over next year which any student group may make a request for. See one of the current members of the College Council or go to Mr. Tall's office if you are interested.



You only have a few weeks
left to take advantage
of good food!
Eat at

THE DOG TEAM

MURRAY'S
BARBER SHOP
TWO
LIVELY BARBERS
BOTH QUITE GOOD
on MAIN STREET
We also carry
sporting goods equipment

SEVERANCE'S
CITGO STATION
Citgo Products
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Exide Batteries
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North Pleasant St.
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A Prayer for My People

Thank you for your divine
teaching
So that my people may live in
filthy ghettoes and rat-infested houses
With roaches roaming the walls.

Thank you Jesus for your miracle on
the mountain-for feeding those five
hundred hungry people
So that in the wealthiest nation
today, my people may continue to starve.
Thank you Jesus for making the
blind man see
And opening the eyes of your white
Christian followers
Thanks a lot Jesus for making us
visible, as horses, and mules and other
beast of burden.

Thank you Jesus, for giving us warmth
affection and brotherly love
We're going to love that man no
matter how much he hates us.
And thanks a lot Jesus, for giving
us hope, reassurance and security
Take our homes, take our families
take our lives
But give us Jesus

Thank you Jesus for being the opiate
of the Black race.
Thank you Jesus for being so passive
and non-violent never lifting a finger
in self-defense.

Thanks a lot Jesus for teaching us
to continue marching and sitting
While they beat us, shoot us, and
their dogs tear us apart.

Thank you Jesus for dying
In an attempt to save mankind
And thank you Jesus for saving only
Plaid, King-Kong and S & H Green Stamps

Thank you Jesus for being the
greatest man ever
And thanks a lot Jesus, for being
the most unsuccessful revolutionary
of us all.....

Earl George

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS, the student newspaper at Middlebury College, published in Middlebury, Vermont every Thursday of the College year, except official College holidays and during examination periods. Opinions expressed in the newspaper do not necessarily reflect the official position of the College. Signed columns, letters and articles are the responsibility of the writer.

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op-ed

Strength of the Hills is VELCO's Also

by John Clagett

On the front steps of Mead Chapel, standing beneath the inscription, look away to the mountains. To your left, almost in line with the far peak of Mount Lincoln, is where the pump-storage plant will be. Heavy earth-moving equipment will come there; the great scar on the mountain side will be permanent. You won't be able to see the mess on top, where Beaver Meadows, a unique natural area in the National Forest ,will be replaced by a 400 acre pond in which the water level changes 60 feet every day. For hundreds of acres around the forest will be destroyed. The beaver, the deer, the bear, wildcats, grouse, the ducks that breed in the beaver bogs, all must go. Where ? What will happen to them? Who cares? Whaddaya want, Mac, people or animals?

Below the mountain, four miles from Mead Chapel, in what is now woods, meadows, fields , and occasional marsh, there will be an 800 acre pond, surrounded by mud flats, where the water rises and falls 30 feet every day. Around it will be a thousand ruined acres.

Pete Fugaro, among others, has his house where the pond will be. Pete isn't big, or very important, at least not to Velco. Pete is not well equipped to cope with the world; he lacks guile, greed, and hypocrisy. Mrs. Fugaro is from Iceland. In her yard, close by a big willow tree, she has built a small church of field stones, with stained glass windows and lights inside. On the other side of the yard she has built a field stone castle, six feet high, with elves standing on the grass around it. The house is filled with her paintings. She has cut away her inner doors, and in each between sheets of plastic she has placed designs of plants, flowers, leaves, and insects. She can take the doors from their frames, but the church and castle will be covered by water. The Forbes families will be moved. No more strawberries or raspberries from Elbert Forbes; no more large, reasonably priced fresh eggs from Pete. Their few acres support Pete and Mrs. Fugaro by dint of hard work; they are independent; they ask for no welfare and they help feed a lot of people around here, as does Elbert Forbes. No matter. The power companies must have their profits and their unnecessary empires.

Tremendous fossil fuel plants, which may and probably will change to nuclear plants, are slated for Addison County. Every planned site is in a wild and unruined area, a place where water, fowl, deer snowshoe rabbits and grouse breed; the best wildlife areas in the country. Unspoiled Vermont ! Addison County and Middlebury will be closer to New Jersey than Vermont when all is done.

Some of us try to help prevent these things. Last Friday night Governor Davis was here, ready to listen to our problems, answer our questions, help us. He is an able man, and has done more for the environment than any man in Vermont's history. He has power over environmental matters and authority to deal with them. But a group largely composed of students ruined the opportunity. Admirable though the students' intentions and ideals are, orderly as they were, the group still ruined a good opportunity for concerned people to have dome something to save the local environment.

Some of you who are truly concerned organized a really remarkable environmental conference this weekend. You had the governor, his advisor on environmental matters and development, the legislator working for the billboard law, a renowned biologist from Bennington College who is convinced that Vermont Yankee means death for you and your children, experts on biology, population, solid waste disposal, energy, water resources, the chairman of the Vermont House Natural Resources Committee, who had worked very hard for the disposable container bill, and a dozen other busy and influential men. The audiences were pitiful. The students of REAP were conspicuous by their total absence. Almost no students attended these affairs, and the inevitable result was that these capable men went home with the conviction that Middlebury College simply doesn't give a damn.

The faculty boycott was almost complete, except for the participating members. I know the faculty is terribly busy now, but some time could have been spared.

Most of you, students and faculty, simply don't care. You young people amaze and disappoint me. You don't care, though it is your world, the only one you'll ever have, and you have been given the vote. It is time for you to take over the job. We old buzzards who have tried to help are getting tired.

I ask the students, why do I try to help save the environment ? For myself? I'm 55 years old; at best I have another 15 years for active enjoyment of nature. The environment will last that long. It is for you that I am trying to help to save it! It is for you that other concerned members of my generation, certainly including Governor Davis, are trying to save wildlife, forests, marches, and open meadows. I'm beginning to wonder why I bother.

So, I guess Pete's farm will have to go. And the raccoons, the deer, the field mice, the grouse, the piliated woodpeckers, the beech woods, pine groves, meadows, valleys, brooks, marshes. Nobody seems to care very much somehow. But if you don't really wake up and get at it, I pity you for the world you will inherit; even more I pity your children for the one you will pass on to them.

Continued on page 9

Funds Drive 1971 the TV Game

"A professor of English, on leave-of-absence this year, won $1,200 in 3 appearances on a netowrk-TV quiz show in January. The half-hour show, "The 3Ws-Who, What, Where" is aired by NBC at 12:30 p.m. EST. High winner on the first two days,, with $805, David Littlefield netted an additional $395 in his third effort. With the shrinkage in Federal funding of scholarly research—never substantial for the humanities, anyway—Mr. Littlefield's resourcefulness may establish a new precedent for the financing of faculty leaves."
—item in Middlebury College Newsletter, Spring 1971.

In a press release from Old Chapel this week, it was announced that James I. Armstrong, President of the College, would initiate the 1971 Capital Funds Drive by making appearances next September on the ABC television show "Let's Make a Deal."

A spokesman from Old Chapel stated that with the tight economic situation, it was becoming increasingly harder to solicit capital funds. An appearance on a nationally-televised game show, the spokesman added, would give greater exposure to the Fund Drive, and, if President Armstrong is lucky, start the drive off with an albeit modest, but significant sum.

President Armstrong, the release said, will appear on the show in a black panther costume, the college's symbol for its athletic teams. Old Chapel noted that this in no way was an endorsement of any militant political factions (there have been reports, however, that President Armstrong, in his capacity as a private citizen, has been sporting a "Free Angela" button on his lapel.)

President Armstrong, the release said, would offer three unused fraternity houses and a chair in the Classics Department in exchange for possible prizes.

J. T. B.

L

Davis Attack

To the Editor:

I think that all of the REAPers present at the discussion with the Governor on Friday evening deserve note for their rather obnoxious, ineffective and quite persistant attempts at harassing Mr. Davis. They must all be congratulated for their adaptability and verbal acrobatic contortions that were employed while seemingly trying to pin down, better yet nail, the Governor or use him as a scapegoat for their frustration with the Nixon administration's admittedly inept handling of tne Southeast Asian situation.

It seems apparent to me that the members of that strong center section in Proctor Lounge had little interest in discussing the environmental problems of Vermont with the Governor or indeed discussing anything with him.

Mr. Davis pointed out quite clearly (as most of us knew before) that he is the GOVERNOR OF VERMONT. I would say that the attacks launched from that group Friday evening were at the least inappropriate and quite rhetorical. As the Governor pointed out to one gentleman in more or

The Truth of a Truism Seen at Faculty Reading -

by Bill Wellington

A poet is most often envisioned as a man who wears tweed coats, bulky sweaters, corderouy pants, and a look of benign understanding for all of life. Indeed, one hardly ever thinks of a poet as someone who writes poetry, but rather as someone who lights his garret room with soft candles and reads a lot. Well, maybe. But as Peter Stitt said at the recent faculty poetry reading, "The only way to be a poet is to write poetry." That is the only way to bridge the gap between mortal existence and poetic eternity, and you can be sure that some of those people who are always handing you deadlines are in turn creating deadlines for themselves for the completion of that bridge.

Five of these spiritual contractors bared their creative souls last Tuesday in the Monroe faculty lounge. For me there was a certain irony to the readings, for the ultimate revelation each reader seemed to make was not that he or she possessed the incarnate spirit of the Muse, but that he or she was and is human. This set the tone of the poems, and created the essence of beauty, humor, and even human frailty in the poetry, as it does in all good poetry.

Ann Barker of the English department read first. The mere sight of Miss Barker's healthy, earnest smile must do wonders for people in the administration, not to mention members of the Board of Trustees, who are chagrined at the predominance of free thinking young professors on campus. But put her behind a podium, and give her ten minutes to do her proverbial thing, and she spits words of meticulous insanity against the wind of drudgery and routine. Unfortunately, the driving tone of her voice varied little from poem to poem, and subtlety and even words were lost in the onrush and urgency of her tone. She read her poem "Out Back I Keep the Heads" with an almost supercilious smile as she intricately described the shooting and dismemberment of birds. The detail of the poem was evocative of Poe's "The Tell-tale Heart," and her imagery of blood and bright plumage sent icy shivers throughout the room, showering the capacity crowd with crystals of madness. The dedication of one poem to Middlebury's Winter Term stirred the room with head-nodding laughter. To have or to have not a poem about the Winter Term became the joke of the day, but I think Miss Barker's words were lost in the anticipation of them.

John Conron spoke next after an introduction citing his previous awards and distinctions, and in about a minute it was apparent to everyone present that he possessed the magic of honest insight that separates Orlon from 100 percent pure Virgin Wool. He did have a poem about Winter Term, "Rehearsal," which possessed not only fine imagery (that of screaming gargoyles riding down a wall for people traying in front of Mead Chapel), it also possessed the profundity of a secular prayer in which he asks for the embodiment of the strength of the hills within him. Throughout the reading of this poem and for sev-

Continued on page 9

Katie Holland and Andy Block engaged in a tete-a-tete in the recent student production of Marivaux's "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard."

Eccentricity, Charm, Insight in Movingly Mediocre New Novel

"The Paragon" by John Knowles. Random House, 1971. $5.95, 210 pages.

by Chris Mooney

A rereading of John Knowles' 1960 novel, "A Separate Peace"--required, yet highly esteemed, reading for many of us--ensures its status among the finer novels of our generation.

Myron Stoetzer (unkindly dubbed "Myron One-Play"), a no-longer-producing playwright in Knowles' new novel, "The Paragon," seems to voice the author's apology for having been able to write only one great novel. "'In any case, says Myron, "'my. . .talent, and I assuredly had one, got rather lost in the shuffle.'" In spite of the boundless praises Knowles' latest work received from a certain Yale undergraduate in "Saturday Review," this is not a great book. It is not bad; but it is most certainly not great.

Yet if we recognize Myron's admission as Knowles', and accept its application to "The Paragon," the book need not be a disappointment.

Physically, it is rather unattractive: there is little in the cover design to suggest that Random House ever intended to make this book a hit. In the description on the jacket flaps, and in the body of the work teself, there are occasional distracting errors in spelling and punctuation. These, along with instances of puzzling carelessness on the author's part (such as letting a character drop out of sight in one scene; and losing track of the speakers in an unlabelled dialogue) constitute the books chief bad points.

There are, on the other hand, very good ones.

One is Louis Colfax, Knowles' winningly awkward hero. Likened once to an overbred horse (insanity, in various forms, runs rampant among his family) and often called "an uncertain fool," he seasons his awesome genius with pinches of the optimism of Phineas in "A Separate Peace," and with generous doses of eccentricity. Having escaped from Yale to join the unsympathetic Marine Corps, he returns to New Haven for a serious look at his problems: an uneasily dissolved love affair, a series of projects intended to improve the world, the symptoms of his strange background--plus a totally intolerant roommate. While Lou puzzles us with each of the several brief voyages he feels obliged to take, they ultimately lead him to a peaceful acceptance of himself.

For readers familiar with Yale University, "The Paragon" offers a pleasant exposure to its many early-1950's faces, from the incongruous cathedral-like architecture of the Sterling Memorial Library to the rush of activities revolving around the Yale-Dartmouth football game. We can understand why, once he and the school begin to appreciate each other, Lou's ties to Yale become so strong.

The lapses, from time to time, into intellectual verbosity (among characters notably more self-assured than Louis) are relieved by very human, almost sentimental, turns of plot. When the author's omniscient viewpoint is not making sudden jumps, he achieves moments of admirable insight, touching several initially indifferent (if not unrealistic) characters with Louis' strange brand of charm. Louis' progress through baldly melodramatic feelings and through the humiliations of his admitted foolishness serve, in case we are ever mystified, as the story's plot.

The novel may seem to take rather unexpected turns: Lou, returning his roomate's polo pony, Thor, to his stable at Sunday dawn; and Lou, taking psychopathically meticulous precautions to kidnap a fifteen-month-old boy he believes is his son. Adventures such as these can only be undertaken by a Louis Colfax, and remain believable; and it is only through such unlikely experiences as these that Lou, with his strange heredity, can find out all he needs to know about himself.

Through an irresistible main character, and prose touched occasionally with reminders of his writing prowess ("Trunks were being trundled, bags dragged, boxes and footlockers and cardboard cartons were being hauled along the stone walks..."), John Knowles has turned out an amusing, and often moving (though by no means great) new work of fiction. Because of his honesty, we cannot blame him for "The Paragon"'s mediocricy. Yet, with the memory of his award-winning "A Separate Peace" in mind, we hope that the new novel he is working on now will accompany his first work among the ranks of America's finer novels.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

less these words, "Well, if you've got the answers, that's fine!'

I can only see the tactics of that cluster of persons on Friday night as a poor attempt at berating the Governor for things that are quite beyond his control. I would suggest that the next time those of this group wish to display their honed debating skill and sparkling rhetoric that they select a more opportune time (more opportune than an Environmental Conference) and if they are serious about reaping any results that they select an official who is in a better position to do something about the problem we are all so sorely aware of.

Dave Ladd

Bothered

To the Editor:

Two things in a recent issue of the Campus bothered me considerably. The first and most objectionable was the inclusion of the "People's Peace Treaty Special." This "literature" was neither written nor printed by the Campus, yet was inserted into the paper as an integral part of it. Although I support the Peace Treaty, I feel that the "Special" had no right to be included in the paper. It does not state that it is an editorial of the Campus nor does "Signed columns, letters and articles are the responsibility of the writer." But who wrote this? It seems to have been placed there by one of your "contirbuting editors" who feels that it is the duty of the Campus to "educate" the people in the way he thinks is fit. It is fine for a newspaper to present an opinion and to advocate action. All I ask is that you say that it is an opinion, and who is responsible for its contents.

The second complaint, though not as serious as the first, concerns your "article" called, "Room Draw Ecumenicism Marks New Millennium." I don't mind "humor" in the newspaper, but please separate it from your "news" articles (of which most really are humorous), and label it as such. Personally, I would have placed this article under the heading: "JUNK"

Douglas Sanders

Editor's reply: #1 In the opinion of the editors of the "Campus," the Vietnam War is an immoral war, probably a genocidal war. The students of Middlebury (only one-sixth of whom receive any daily newspaper), while accusing the "Campus" of being "too political" are sorely uninformed about this government's policies, in our experience. In the judgement of the Editor, who is finally responsible for the content of the paper, the supplement is a valid educational effort, and like every judgement concerning the content of the "Campus," this is an opinion.

#2 The "Campus" will differentiate between news and humor whenever they would otherwise be confused. Certainly this article should have fooled no one who had not participated in room draw for the last few years.

Spring Weekend

To the Editor:

I'd like to thank the many people who helped make Spring Weekend the success that it was.

In no particular order, I'd like to thank the members of Lindy Frew's social committee (MCAB) for doing so much

Continued on page 9

S'il faut	If we must
se s ouvenir	remember
d'un jour	a day
pourquoi	why not
ce jour?	this day?
s'il faut	if we must
se souvenir	remember
d'une nuit	a night
pourqu oi	why not
cette nuit?	this night?
car	for
l'amour	love
est	is
sans memoire	without memory
si	if
nous	we
le vivons.	live it.

CROQUET LOVER AT THE DINNER TABLE
(AT A WRITERS CONFERENCE)

She passes muffins, orders the most remote
and sudden relishes, comments on
the one particular poem you meant to keep
entirely undiscussed, or interrupts
your train of silence with a stab
of curiosity on what you plan
to do next year if love or money won't
come through, as if it were a game
to find you out; to slam you out of court,
to rout the field, dislodge the set-up shot,
provoke your aim, suggest a change of rules
until you feel immeasurably behind
because her eyes are never wicketed,
dead on nobody and poison to the last.

Jonathan Aldrich
Published in The American Weave

Il est	He is
mince et laid et vieux	thin and ugly and old
dans son seprit	in his staircase
d'escalier	mind
qui montedans monte	which climbs and climbs
jusqu'à la cime	up to the summit
du désespoir	of despair
et	and
il tombe et tombe	he falls and falls
agrandi	expanded
par le vent	by the wind
embelli	beautified
par les airs	by the air
rajeuni	rejuvenated
par la lumière	by the light
et	and
il est	he is
grand et beau et jeune	tall and handsome and young
encore	again
et tard	and late
dams le reve	in the dream
il est mort	he is dead
en éveil.	awo ken.

Eric Freedman

A POEM ON THE CREATIVE PROCESS
WITH AN HOMAGE TO PABLO NERUDA

Looking up from writing
a still born poem
(the flow of my inspiration
reduced to less than a trickle,
I see
thousands of hairy spiders
carryin g the sleeping form
of Pablo Neruda
across the floor.
He is laid out
on a mahogany plank,
and has one-hundred unpublished poems
tattoed in five languages
on his stomach.
Suddenly,
he leaps up,
delivers a furious denunciation
of the United Fruit Company
(his words flow
like a mountain stream),
and rushes from the room.
The crestfallen spiders
wander off in all directions.
In the empty room
I hear water drippin g
from a leaky fau cet.

Peter Stitt
Copyright © 1971 By Shenandoah

DRAGONFLY

There's a dragonfly in the pantry.
I can't, I can't catch
I can't catch him to get him
Out of there.

He bombards the window like a biplane,
Like his own pilot, goggled,
Crash lands, quivers on the skillet, smash-winged.

I clap, clap my hands,
Clap and he doesn't buzz out
To where I can cover him, catch and release him,
Brain him, he bashes his shelly eyes
Clack on the kettle.

Get him out, get him out or he'll
Slither under a bowl
To fluster my hand when I reach
Or he'll parachute, tangle, and hang
In my jungled hair.

Ann Barker *Copyright © 1970 By Greyfriar Review.*

Last night the ice came down
turning the long valley in my window
crystal. Now mountains flare and fields
flare, eaves, a glazed twig
with a twitching leaf.
It is not—not simply—beautiful.
In the frosted glass things bleed,
and frozen membranes clack in the wind
out there. Under the weight of ornament
an oak limb sings a nd un hinges itself.

My fur-booted feet on the radiator,
I take it all in and chatter to myself
How can one come to praise
in such a world?

Let there be exorcisms first.
Let there be howling and bleating
in the cruel air. Let human lungs
give back the winter to itself
as they heat the blood.
Then let there be play.

REHEARSAL

Just so: on the treacherous tilt
beneath the chapel, where it is written:
"The strength of these hills is His also,
cowled figures dance and plummet
as they try the ice, and then,
abandoning the upright stance,
give in and belly down the slope
on hidden dinner trays; they are,
as they go, their arms and legs,
howling like gargoyles riding a wall.

Just so: let me give myself, ungainly, to this place,
taking my strength from the hills.
Let this winter purge - not kill
but bring me low enough to find its grace.

John Conron

VELCO. ..

Continued from page 6

That's what Velco wants you to do. Forget it.

You will scream your heads off for a gutless wonder on welfare with two snowmobiles and eight kids in the back yard, but you don't give a damn for Pete, or the valley, or Beaver Meadows. Forget it.

But I have an idea that someday you are going to find that Pete was important, and the deer, the woods, the marshes and the meadows. But it will be too late then. I wish you joy with your world.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from page 7

for so many different events: the pie-eating contest, the wine and chese party, setting up and selling tickets for the concert, arranging the terrace party, and helping with many miscellaneous chores like making posters for publicity; Laura Reinertsen coordinated ticket sales for the concert, and I'm indebted to her and all the people who worked with her, expecially Ned Duffy. Thanks go to Bruce Grogan for providing door guards for the concert, and to Greg Soper and Skip Atwater for being in charge of Godzilla vs, The Thing, and to Officer Spencer for arranging the concert security system. Special recognition goes to John Rathman and Jim Takamune and the rest of the lighting crew for an impressive job - both setting up quickly and performing well. A hearty thanks goes to the people who helped set up the concert: Gene Hill, John Purinton, Jeff Freundlich, Cabot Henderson, Mike Downs, Doug Cain, Wick Davis, Rob Fuller, Earl George, Graig and his girlfriend, Free, and to so many others that I'm sure I've forgotten. And thanks to Mr. Clook and Mr. Holden and their employees from Buildings and Grounds for their cooperation and assistance.

I'd like to thank the I. F. C. under Jeff Reinhardsen for running the bike race, the scrambles, the demo derby, and the open frat parties - not to mention their providing beer for the terrace party. Thanks also to WRMC for their special cooperation and coverage of the whole weekend. Thanks go to the people of Board and Room for their participation. Thanks to "T" and Carrie Tall for their patience and help everywhere. And thanks to all the members of the Activities Board and their friends for helping wher ever and whenever help was needed. Eternal thanks to the magical and indispensible Mrs. Flickinger.

Kit Fuller

Men-Women 60:40 to 55:45

Middlebury will abandon its long-standing and often criticized 60-40 male-female ratio beginning with the class of 1975. The admissions office is planning for a class of 315 men and 250 women, reducing the percentages to about 55-45. The intended result is a student body with an equal-male-female population. (An actual 50-50 ratio was avoided because of the higher attrition rate among males.)

Dean Dennis O'Brien explained that the 60-40 proportion as partly due to a problem of architecture, sexually segregated campuses having been abandoned only recently. "No doubt the emergence of new social attitudes and the women's liberation movement also contributed to the change," he said. An admissions policy based entirely on merit which disregards the sex of the applicant is not under consideration. Dean O'Brien described such a policy as "highly undesirable."

Dean O'Brien said the large size of the new class (565) is a means by which the college will increase overall enrollment and fill up new dormitory space.

WANTED:

A Teacher for a Winter Term Journalism Course

please contact Ted Hobson
box C 956
tel. 7778

Discouraging Response to M.U.H.S. Conference

Students Concerned for the Environment at the Middlebury Union High School held a well intentioned but poorly attended four-day environmental symposium last week, consisting of a series of addresses, a film, and discussions.

Among the speakers were Mr. Edward R. Eurich, Vermont Commissioner of Agriculture; Dr. David Van Vleck, Associa- Biology Professor at the College; and Mr. Justin Brande, a former Chairman of the Vermont Natural Resources Council.

The nightly events were open to the public; other daily assemblies during the week were directed to the student body.

The outcome, organizer Steve Bingham said, was poor. He said his organization and his committee had spent many hours of hard work organizing the events, but the attendance was extremely low. Only five persons attended the opening address, and there was little increase in attendance at the other talks. A "good rap" followed Mr. Eurich's speech, Steve said, but he confessed feeling "pretty discouraged" by the end of the week. He was optimistic, however, and was willing to "give it another try next year." "I know where we went wrong," he explained. More publicity, and a more "concentrated" schedule, rather than events spread out over several days, as well as an earlier start in the planning of Environmental Week may be the answer, he said.

Other activities of the 38 member club of Students Concerned for the Environment at the Middlebury High School have included a very successful Green-Up Day participation, a campaign petitioning against the town dump, and a survey for the Water Resources Board of Vermont to study sewage disposal.

Poetry Reading

Continued from page 7

eral days thereafter I would often shake my head at the thought of times I've climbed the hill to Mead Chapel and read the words she bears even smirking at times in my pithy pragmatism

Eric Freedman, who has published one set of poems, "Espace Libre," and will soon publish another set in Paris, read next. In his reading he read first the poem in French and then its English translation. His poetry displayed a tremendous amount of thematic continuity in which the most prominent theme consisted of a special kind of boredom for which the French have a word, "ennui," which is, perhaps, best translated as "bored of being bored." This psychological state was compounded by two sibling individual characteristics: indolence, and the capacity to reminisce. At times his poems seemed almost aphoristic in their development, and the development in turn seemed almost cyclical. Within the context of continuity, Freedom presented some interesting definitions, the most memorable for me being "Love is without memory if we live it," recalling the disease of boredom and displaying the symptoms of its cure.

Jonathan Aldridge of the admissions office spoke next with four poems about women. His poetry displayed a particularly human element: the desire not to be disregarded. Even his presence at the reading, that of a member of an academic community with a non-academic function, spoke of this wish. His delivery was open, warm, and hopeful, yet he lacked confidence in his approach, and conviction in his words. The result was that the combination of his fear of anonymity and unimportance, and his meek delivery ironically identified his frail human desires as the most profound elements of his work. He is undoubtedly capable of writing good poetry, but he must not let his fear taint his perceptions.

Peter Stitt read last and he literally stole the show with some very clever descriptions of truly fantastic visions. In the last poem he read he described his personal invocation of not the Muse, but Pablo Neruda. In Stitt's vision, Neruda does not walk into the room, instead he is transported across the threshold by 100 hairy spiders, and he bears 100 unpublished poems tatooed in five languages on his stomach. Although he relied heavily on his own wit, and although his performing style unfortunately bore remarkable resemblance to that of Dick Cavett, Mr. Stitt named the essence of the reading with his deceptively truistic description of a poet mentioned in the first paragraph. To be a poet. Each person who read knows what it means to be a poet, and some will be called poets by those who know them. I can say this with a large degree of certainty, for the poetry read primarily focused itself in the three dimensional qualities of humanity, and showed very little concern for the somewhat two dimensional title.

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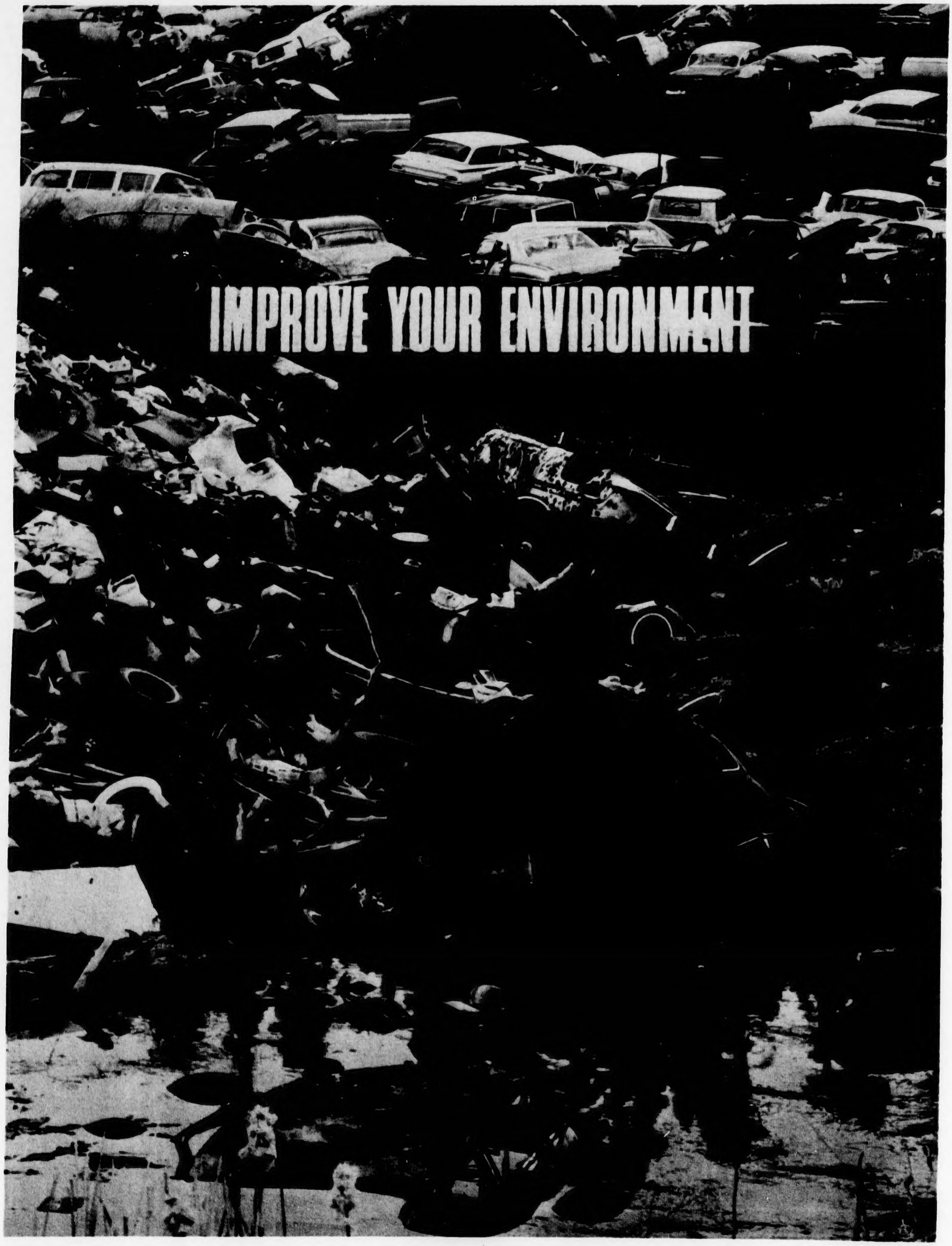
IMPROVE YOUR ENVIRONMENT

education group to establish base in college , town

Focus on Education, an organization of people interested in Education at all levels, was formedat the College last week. The purpose of the group is to provide a clearing house for information on educaton, a sounding board for proposals, and a place to talk about learning. They have submitted a budget and constitution to Old Chapel, and expect to have the official auspices of the College soon.

The group is for people who are interested in teaching, in learning, in improving the quality of education at Middlebury or in general, or in talking to people who are interested. The members are trying hard to establish a base in the college and in the community, and to keep from being typed as a "Future Teachers of America" type of organization.

They envision their activities as being concerned with proposing changes in the academic structure, bringing speakers on education from outside, and giving concerned members of the college a point of organization.

Supreme Court: Perverted Pragmatism

by Stephen Kerr

Throughout grade school, most every American child is taught the moral and mechanical perfection of the American governmental system. Recently, I nostalgically thumbed through my sixth grade civics textbook to see what I might see. After having waded through the numerous i, v, and x pages in the beginning, I ran aground upon that by-now-classic diagram which depicts the awesomely wise arrangement of the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Branches.

Each was carefully connected to, and yet emphatically separated from, the others by means of myriad little red and black arrows which were meant to communicate to the eager young student the utopian hybrid of connections and separations our Godfathers had achieved. Below this cartographer's dream was the titillating caption, "The American System of Checks and Balances."

In all fairness to the authors, it was a good diagram, being clear, concise, easy to understand and, most importantly, easy to memorize; it was the type of picutre that readily comes to mind on examination day. It was also a comforting diagram, for in its deceptive simplicity lay the serious basis for all our indomitable happiness and security as a nation.

Those, of course, were the good ole, days, the days of comfortable confidence in the perfection and protection of Checks and Balances. Today I worry about a different kind of checks and balances and find that my confidence in the American System has been seriously eroded. Age has not necessarily yet brought any great revelations as a result of wisdom, but it has produced some eye-openers as a result of awaremess.

It is difficult to determine which of the three Branches fell first from the pedestal of heavenly perfection. If your folks were Republicans, as were mine, the Congress was probably the first to be trampled upon, since it always seemed to by stymying the valiant efforts of the poor earnest President. If they were "conservatives," as were mine, it might have been the President, harking back to the dangerous days when Roosevelt the Rogue reigned.

At any rate, whichever slipped first, it seems that both eventually became discredited to some degree for apparently being somewhat less than virtuous in their deeds and motives. Only the debilitating fear that creeping communism was sinisterly oozing its indelible red stain into the silken fabric of American life caused me more despair than the depravation of these two American institutions.

Fortunately though, a saviour appeared wearing a white hat, white socks and white skin. In the clever guise of an atypically astute high school teacher, he cautiously noted, in a low voice so as not to be overheard by his superiors and accused of treason, contributing to the moral perversion of minors and, in part, telling the truth, that, yes, this heresy concerning the depravation of the Presidency and the Congress was true. But buck up, he insisted, for there was yet one Branch of government in which one might still have unimperiled faith -- The Supreme Court. You don't know what a relief that was.

But alas, all things must pass, and so did this. The next thing I knew the billboards were angrily demanding: IMPEACH EARL WARREN. And yet when Earl Warren has passed into the oblivion of contemporary history, the billboards that had made his name as famous as Benedict Arnold's fell into peeling, unpainted decay and soon blended in with the rest of the American roadscape. But how come, if this was the court that guarded the torch of Supreme Virtousness, it was possible to have an Evil Chief, a white Sitting Bull? Well, it did not take long to realize that the billboards were merely the product of some small band of fanatical kooks, with whom many of the Great Silent Majority somehow silently happened to sympathise. Oh well.

The worst seeming over, I settled back into a mindlessness of confusion and incomprehension. Yet no sooner had I warmed the chair than, what to my surprise, two Presidents nominated three persons of less than Supreme Virtuousness and the question arose, how is it that such scoundrels could ever be considered for elevation to The Court of Supreme Virtue? The answer was immediately clear, for since Billy Graham does not choose them, the task is left up to those two other Branches, whose members have already been tagged as belonging to houses of ill repute, to do the best, or worst, as the case may be, their inferior minds can.

The case before the Court asked, should a man be allowed, according to the dictates of his conscience, to selectively choose in which wars he will fight. The Court, by an eight to one decision (with Justice Douglas dissenting) decreed that no, he should not be so allowed, that in order to be valid a man's conscientious objection must encompass all war, not just certain ones. (In all fairness, it must be noted that the Court based its decision on the issue of conscientious objection on the law as Congress had written it, i.e. only absolute conscientious objection is permissible.

They admitted that Congress could have written the law to include selective objection, and thereby tacitly admitted that they had rendered a very narrow interpretation and had indeed sidestepped the basic issue of conscientious objection, selective and-or absolute.)

What the Court did was to employ a legal technicality (criminals are not the only ones to avoid justice through their timely use) to avoid confronting the issue squarely. The plaintiffs had claimed, in essence, that conscientious objection to war is no more an absolute, all-or-nothing matter than war itself; that just as, and therefore since, some wars can be "morally just" and others "morally unjust" to an individual person's conscience (indeed as strongly so as to the conscience of an absolute objector), then so is fighting in certain wars justifiable and in others not. In other words, that just as, and since, the validity of a war is a selective matter, so is and should be conscientious objection.

Yet the majority of the Court chose not to see it this way. They had to sidestep the truth in order to preserve the facade of fiction -- that all wars undertaken by the United States are good and therefore just and that, as a result, one has no basis for choosing selectively in which ones he will fight and in which he will not; that in terms of the justifiability of fighting, aggressive wars waged by the United States are equal to defensive wars and that morality is therefore somehow synonomous with immorality.

The Court's immediate and practical concern was Vietnem. Their concern grew out of a well-founded fear: were they to bump the log, the whole thing might roll over and drown its log-rollers; that since the tolerance for the war, both at home and in Vietnam, is a very tenuous affair, any action that might upset the whisper-balance which keeps it upright might produce chaos for the administration.

What might happen is the Court approved the right of selective conscientious objection? Most likely there would be a flood of applications for such. This would clog the draft system more effectively than any harrassment campaign ever dreamed possible, and, far more significantly, if successful, would tend to undermine the whole military arrangement which presently relies upon the conscription of unwilling persons, with all the obvious ramifications that would have on the Army's manpower supply.

The Court was fully aware of the "sociological jurisprudence" aspects of the case. They realized that, since the Congress has neither desired nor dared to confirm or conclude the Presidents' conduct in Indochina, the war remains, as ever, undeclared and therefore, constitutionally, unconstitutional.

They knew that the majority of young Americans, and more and more older Americans, consider the war to be immoral, if not in its philosophy, then certainly in its conduct. And most poignantly, they recognized that their own people were instrumental in establishing the rule of individual conscience, that is, selective conscientious objection, at Nuremberg. So they avoided a potentially devastating issue by sidestepping it.

For the people of Indochina the decision has a most immediate importance. Neither the Congress (as a collective body) nor the President has dared or desired to halt the war. Had the Court admitted to the immorality, or, at the very least, the clear unconstitutionality, of the war, a rather democratic process of ending it might have begun to evolve, something the administration, a majority of the Congress and now the Court can be seen to fear. William Jen-

Continued on page 12

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Supreme Court..

Continued from page 11

nings Bryan once remarked that "the people who do the dying should also do the deciding about whether the United States should enter (or continue) a war."

Selective conscientious objection would have allowed those forced to do the killing and to be killed to decide whether this war, or a future war, is necessary of just. The values of humanitarianism, rather than the vanity of politics and the greed of economics, might have become the determining factor.

Though it would not necessarily end or prevent a war some President might wish to commence or continue with his mercenary volunteers and blind air force, it would most certainly put a crimp in his overall style, both on the battlefield and on the psychological home front, if the majority of "our boys" were here and not "over there." Those wars of true national defense would not be affected by selective objection because those seeking their rights stated that they only opposed wars of immoral, imperialist aggression such as Vietnam, and would gladly defend the fatherland in time of need.

As a collective body, the Supreme Court is an integral part of the whole governmental establishment. As such it must support the basic policies of the established order; it can never be truly radical, for that would upset these basics; at most, it can be bothersomely liberal. Its decision to sidestep the true issue of selective conscientious objection by invoking a type of "legitimate" technicality is in line with its evasion of the Massachusetts test case challenging the clear unconstitutionality of the war.

Recognizing the moral and legal validity of these challenges to the administration's continuation of the war, and yet recognizing also the potential ramifications upon American policy abroad and action in Vietman were they to rule favourably, it had no safe alternative but to avoid the issue. As with the American government's decision to support the Greek military dictatorship, the Supreme Court has elevated expediency and perverted pragmatism above those principles it was specifically established to protect.

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